

How I Kept House Without A Servant

The Second of a Series of Articles Showing Modern Methods of Business Efficiency Applied to the Household by an Intelligent Woman of Means and Refinement Who Found It Easier to Do Her Own Work Than to Be Eternally Annoyed by Stupid and Overpaid Servants

By Josephine Story.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

MY first trouble began early one morning. I was vigorously beating the ingredients for muffins when the bowl separated and a thin stream of batter enriched the front of my immaculate white apron. I had known that the bowl was cracked, but had taken a chance. Later I tried to froth eggs with a beater which balked at every third turn of its handle. Because I had left my spectacles upstairs I read a recipe wrong, with the result that at the end of four hours, when I wanted to serve it, I had a gently flowing rivulet in place of the firm jelly I expected.

My crowning culinary mishap came in the baking of a cake. There was a refractory damper in the range, but I had put off having it repaired. In consequence the cake presented an appearance of deep-seated dejection when I removed it from the oven. Craving appreciation, I called the judge, our black and white hound, and crumpled a few fragments of the alleged cake into his dish. The dog gave one disdainful sniff at the offering, one reproachful glance at me, then turned and stalked haughtily from the room. He was so funny in his repudiation that I laughed until I cried. This relieved the tension of my feelings, and I abandoned the kitchen and its disappointments for the sewing room.

It was quite evident that my sins of omission had me at the end of their leash that day, for when I attempted to sew on a few buttons I found that No. 30 was the only thread my basket afforded. Then I tried cutting chiffon with shears as dull as an abstract on currency, and later turned my piece-box upside down hunting for a scrap of lawn with which to mend. As though to test my domestic equipment, as well as my temper, the mail brought a request for an article to be sent by parcel post. I hunted for twine, only to find short pieces in endless variety, no two alike. The wrapping paper could be accredited to the same class, and when I came to the point where I must address my very untidy, disreputable looking package the inkwell was empty and my favorite pen was apparently taking an afternoon off. It was just here that I reached that emotional stage so almost universal with the feminine portion of humanity, a desire to scold some one or cry. Having indulged myself in the latter pastime with royal prodigality and in consequence feeling horribly ashamed of myself, I picked up the morning paper.

The first words on the page which greeted my eyes were: "You can do no efficient work without the tools of your trade." The tools of your trade! My mind echoed loudly. Why, at the very root of all the trouble of my threesome day lay the lack of proper tools! Would the Head of the House attempt to carry on his business without proper equipment? Would any workman who stood for efficiency? Of course it was a very evident truth that efficient tools were necessary for efficient work. I was reading one of the fundamentals of the modern gospel of efficiency.

All that evening, paper and pencil in hand, I chewed the cud of reflection. The next morning I started for the city.

That was two weeks ago. Now a free-lance cutter, a bread slicer—we as a family are addicted to sandwiches—and a bread mixer simplify my work and save my time and energy. The white enameled shelves of my pantry, where I cook, hold no unnecessary or imperfect utensil.

The cereals are in glass jars, labelled. In a neat pile, close at hand, are large sheets of light-brown wrapping paper, one of which is spread on the table when I am cooking; then, when the work is finished, the paper is gathered up and burned, leaving the table spick and span beneath it. The cook books in their washable slip covers of white linen are in a glass-enclosed shelf within easy reach. Fastened securely to that same shelf is a spectacle case containing an extra pair of eyes which never leave the kitchen, and on top of the shelf is a card index box in which is kept the recipes collected from various sources. About on the level of the eyes on another shelf is a clip for holding the recipe card when in use, and the cook book is kept open and clean when being used by a small pane of glass with bound edges.

Securely attached by long, fine brass chains to my work bench—that they may not be taken away—are scissors, a small tack hammer—the wonderful how many uses I find for that—a can opener, a cork-screw and a bottle opener.

The well-sharpened knives, the forks and spoons which are used in cooking, are separated and kept in paste-board box covers on a convenient shelf. As soon as they become in the least soiled these covers are replaced. An office stool stands in the pantry and another before the kitchen sink. Over the sink hangs a mirror, and on the shelf below there is a bottle of scolding cream for the hands, a face cream and face powder—why leave the kitchen with one's nose shining and glowing like a beacon light when a few simple toilet accessories make for comfort and presentability?

For the sewing room was purchased a cheap, commodious chest of drawers in which is kept materials that would fit out a miniature thread and needle store. The minutes and carfares which have been saved by having these articles on hand

have more than paid for the equipment. In the lower drawer is an assortment of wrapping paper, from the thinnest of tissue to the stoutest brown and white; twine of the most aristocratic down to the proletarian class, and rolls of ribbon suitable for dainty packages.

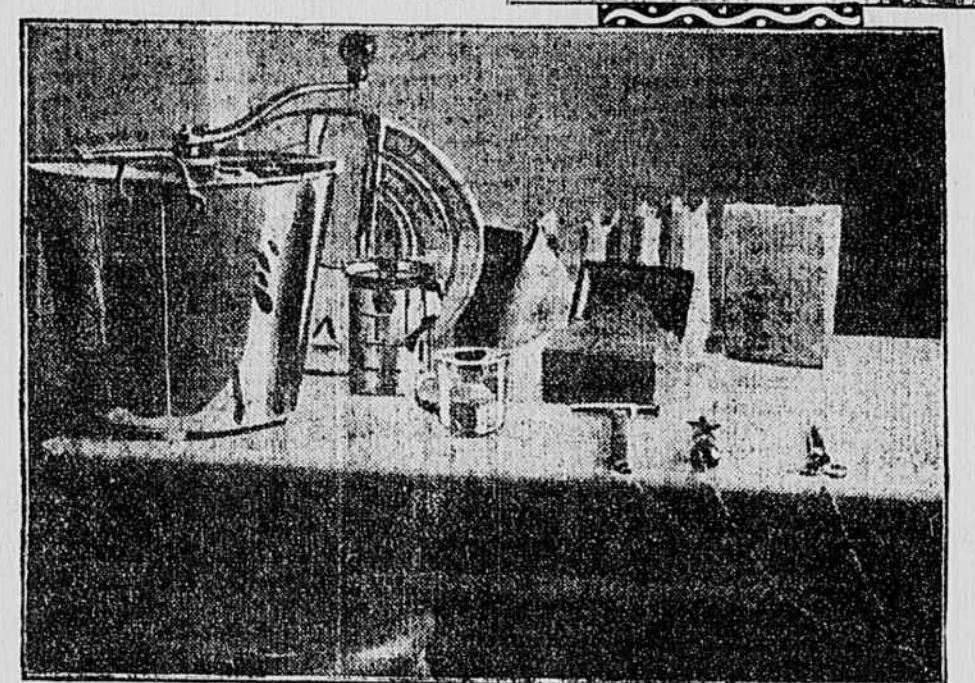
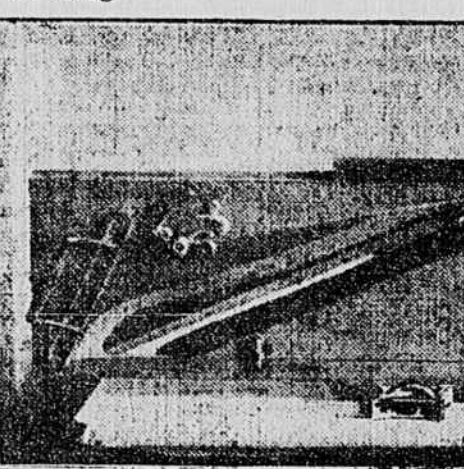
It was on my own particular writing desk that I lavished imagination and ingenuity. This piece of furniture is not of the claw-legged, ornate variety, but is a substantial oak table desk, with four roomy drawers at either end and a broad, inviting top, covered with blotting paper. Here one can find stationery from the business kind to that for social requirements; visiting cards with envelopes to fit; a supply of postal cards; two, one and special delivery stamps; stamped envelopes ranging from the manuscript to the ordinary business size, and a pair of scales for weighing.

There is a veritable Jacob's well of black ink, and pens and holders in infinite variety. There is also a well of red ink which I have found invaluable for entering certain garden dates in my diary. Social events I record in blue, and birthdays and festal occasions in gold ink; therefore, my diary takes on the charm of an illuminated missal of olden times.

Between book ends there is a dictionary—spellers are made, not born, in our family; a book of synonyms, familiar quotations, a Bible and a small atlas. On

cooking a hot dinner in a hotter kitchen on this glorious Sunday.

Enter the Head of the House. "Why," demanded he, standing in the fairly temperate zone provided by the outer door, "why should you spend the best part of Sunday in the kitchen preparing a dinner and I the choicest hours of my week—ly out-of-door day eating it? With what results? You are tired and I am heavy and sleepy after a hearty meal in the middle of the day. The arrangement is all wrong!"



A Bread Mixer Saves Time and Energy; the Cookbooks in Their Washable Slip Covers of White Linen; a Card Index Box for Recipes and Tools Attached to the Work Bench by Chains Are a Few of the Devices Which Make Work in the Kitchen Efficient.

the desk top also lies a calendar, an engagement book, tubes of paste and glue, boxes of paper clips and fasteners, rulers and erasers. There is a card index box in which is kept a complete record of general expenditures; school, church, investment and insurance, dates and notes on garden planting and the various items a familiarity with which on the part of the purchasing agent and general manager of the house tends to an increase in her efficiency and that of the domestic machinery.

There are colored tags which I use when putting away clothing, each member of the family has a color, and in travelling I have found them most useful. Tag trunks with green, and it takes but a moment to pick them out from a mass of baggage.

Such appealing articles as sharp shears, a letter opener, a large magnifying glass are chained to the desk. 'Tis not that the family do not intend to return these implements when they borrow, dear no, but a lapse of memory might cause me great inconvenience, as my moments for desk work are not so many that I have time to hunt up articles when I reach it. It was amusing to see how the idea of provisioning the domestic garrison to withstand a siege of industry spread through the family. It became epidemic, with the result that each one of us did his work with more interest, ease and speed.

While the family take kindly to my innovations, successful and otherwise, they enjoy good-naturedly jeering at some of them, and the boys thought that the height of absurd suggestion had been reached when they presented me with a cork bulletin board for the den. But what a joy it has proved! If a telephone message comes for an absent member a note of it is pinned to the board. Our goings-out and comings-in are here chronicled—'tis a courteous habit we have grown up with, that of keeping the family posted as to our plans, and many anxious moments it has saved—errands to be done are posted, repairs to be made and workmen to be telephoned for are here listed; in fact, this little "Joke on Mother" has proved to be the Good Genie of the house.

It was Sunday. The sun was transforming the ocean to a shimmering sea of sapphires. A little balsam-scented breeze frolicked and flirted tantalizingly past the windows; earth, sea and sky seemed coaxing and imploring me to come forth and join in their revels, and I—I was

Now the normal masculine mind has a good, sound, logical, common-sense outlook on affairs domestic, if the home-maker will but admit it. No sentimentality disturbs its sense of proportion, so I pondered well his observation. He was quite right and I was wrong in my expenditure of time and strength.

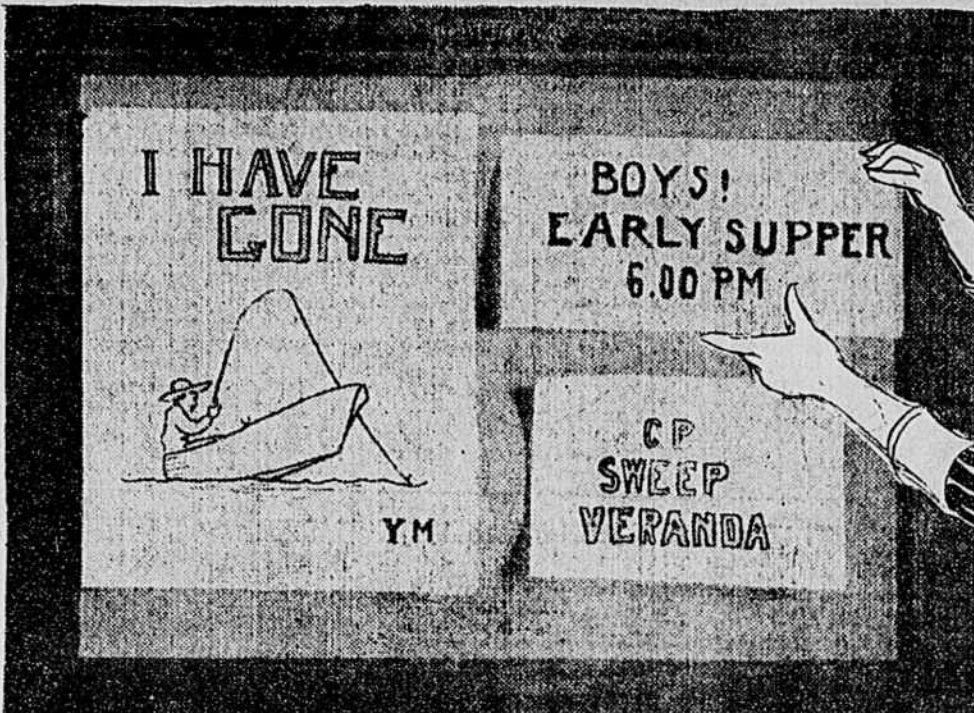
With a smiling "My lord, thy servant thanks thee!" I dismissed the six feet of wisdom from my kitchen door and began a study of my problem.

By Monday night, per order of the Head of the House, carpenters had replaced the ordinary kitchen windows with full-length casements, which when opened admitted air that made a marvelous change in the temperature of the room, and I had a plan for simplifying Sunday.

On Saturday I make out the three menus for Sunday, then proceed to prepare everything possible. In warm weather our luncheon is taken on a large tray to the veranda or out under the trees, and in winter to the living room before the open fire. Served in this way the simplest viands take on an appetizing seductiveness which is unknown when one sits prosaically at table. This informal meal usually consists of soup in cups, sandwiches, cake and fruit.

Tomato bouillon is one of our favorite Sunday soups, as it can be made at any time in the week if kept very cold until used. To the stock in which a fowl or two have been boiled, add the bones of the fowl after meat has been removed and half or all the tomatoes from one can. Cook this slowly for three hours, then strain and cool. When cold remove fat and put stock which has been seasoned with salt and pepper and mixed with the beaten whites of two eggs in kettle on range. Let the mixture boil hard for three minutes, then simmer for twenty more. Strain through cheese cloth, and you have a concoction which will tempt the most Epicurean palate among your acquaintances.

When it comes to sandwiches their name is legion, but we particularly like those filled with chopped tongue or ham or ham and chicken mixed with this dressing: Mix one tablespoon of salt, one-half tablespoon of mustard, one heaping tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of flour thoroughly. Add the yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten, three tablespoons melted butter, three-quarters cup of milk and a quarter of a cup of vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly till mixture thickens. Strain and



"A Bulletin Board for the Home. What a Joy It Has Proved!"

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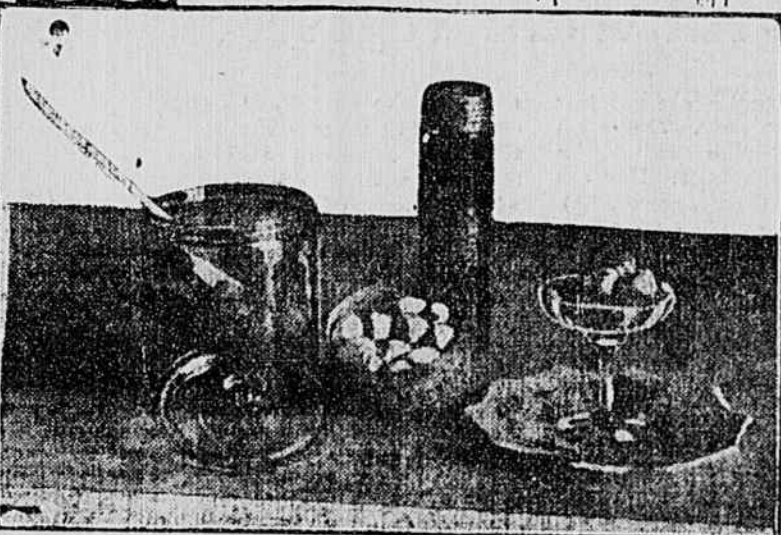
A Bread Slicer Makes Sandwiches for Sunday Luncheon a Very Simple Matter.

cool. This dressing keeps in a cool place and some of it is used later in the week with cold fish, which, by the addition of the coarser leaves of lettuce, shredded, becomes not only a delicious salad, but an ornamental one as well, as it is garnished with egg. 'Tis marvellous what dignity a hard-boiled egg, when administered with imagination, will lend to the humblest culinary effort.

But to return to luncheon. For dessert we have cake or tarts, or, better still, filled cookies, which are proclaimed by strangers and intimates alike toothsome morsels. To make them take one cup of sugar, one-half cup of shortening (chicken fat is excellent), one egg, one-half cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, with which has been sifted two teaspoons of cream of tartar and one teaspoon of soda. Roll the dough into a thin sheet and cut with cookie cutter. Spread one round with filling and place another over it. Bake in hot oven. The filling may be of jelly, jam or it is delectable when made of raisins, thus: Take one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, two teaspoons lemon juice, one tablespoon of flour. Boil mixture till thick.

Supper (we have no dinner on Sunday) is served at 7. Sometimes we have cold meats—alternate slices of ham, beef and chicken, with vegetable salad, or, perhaps, some member of the Newburg family cooked in the chafing dish, either lobster, chicken or shrimp. The latter is easily prepared and is delicious. Put the beaten yolks of two eggs mixed with a cup of thick cream in the chafing dish over hot water. Stir constantly until thick, then add whatever fish or meat you are using. Heat thoroughly, add a wineglass of sherry, salt and a suspicion of cayenne. The mixture must not boil, but should be hot, not lukewarm. HOT! Serve on thin crackers or crisp toast. With this course we have thin bread and butter. Muffins are taboo Sunday night—they mean too much work for the cook.

For the second course we have salad with French dressing. The dressing is made on Saturday and is put in a glass jar which will admit of vigorous shaking. Lettuce with cubes of pineapple or round slices, over which has been grated cream cheese; lettuce and grapefruit, garnished with strips of pimento; lettuce and as-



Fruit to Be Served in Tall Cool-Looking Glasses, for Sunday Supper, May Be Prepared on Saturday and Placed in a Glass Jar in the Refrigerator.

paragus tips; California cherries, filled with cream cheese and arranged on lettuce are some of the luscious combinations which bring a gastronomic glitter to the eye. For richer salads there are peeled and chilled whole tomatoes filled with chopped pecan nuts and tender celery mixed with mayonnaise which are served on lettuce hearts; there are peeled bananas covered with mayonnaise, then with chopped nuts, which, served on lettuce, are delicious.

Then there is a chiffonade dressing made of two tablespoons of finely chopped parsley, two tablespoons of finely chopped red peppers, one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of black pepper, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika, a suggestion of cayenne, five tablespoons of olive oil and two tablespoons of vinegar. This is delicious on lettuce, and when served with that and toasted cheese sandwiches is almost a meal in itself.

For dessert we have jelly or custards, any sweet in fact which may be prepared the day before. Orange meringues are favorites, and if made well fairly melt in the mouth. To make filling for these mix four tablespoons of flour, one cup of sugar, add two eggs slightly beaten, grated rind and juice of an orange, one tablespoon lemon juice and one teaspoon of butter. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly as one would a custard. Turn

the mixture into individual thin pastry shells which have been previously baked, cover with meringue and bake until slightly brown. For the meringue take the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff, four tablespoons of powdered sugar, one teaspoon of vanilla.

If we are having a vegetable salad for the last course we have fruit served in tall, cool-looking glasses. Take three or four fruits which are in season—there is almost no limit to the variety—cut in cubes, sugar lightly and chill thoroughly before serving. After the fruit is in the glasses and just before serving pour over it melted marshmallows and add one or two Maraschino cherries; or, if you feel particularly reckless and extravagant, add to the mixture some preserved marrows. We bring our feast to a close in the living room, where coffee and nuts are served.

This arrangement of meals has resulted not only in a saving of labor, but of money as well. Sunday has become a day of comparative leisure for me; the Head of the House gets the sunshine he craves, and, best of all, we have no Monday Morning Moods to combat. No one has had too much food with too little exercise; that combination which I have observed is quite sure to start on a rampage those Monday morning imps—Indigestion, Irritation and Inefficiency. (Continued Next Sunday.)

My Secrets of Beauty--Care for the Surroundings of Your Eyes

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

YOU have beautiful eyes? I congratulate you. You take excellent care of them? Again I congratulate you. Also I add what you are wise, for lovely eyes are stars in the night of many a plain face as well as brilliant and bewitching lights in a lovely one.

But do you give equal care to the surroundings of your eyes, their—what shall I say—environment? You don't understand? I shall explain.

Suppose that the skin about the eyes is growing flaccid. The result is inevitable. It will form either in loose bags beneath the eyes or in unbecoming lines, raying out from the corner of the eyes toward the cheeks. Or the eyelids when closed or half closed may be dark and wrinkled, giving an aged look to the face. This is a warning, a condition not to be neglected. The skin needs toning up, and one of the best methods of giving tonic treatment to the frame or neighborhood of the eyes is the simplest. Lay muslin cloths that have

been dipped into ice or cold water across the closed eyes. It is well to do this while lying, or at least sitting. The cold water cools the hot skin, draws the impurities that have been lurking beneath the eyes to the rims of the eyelids, and causes the blood to flow freely through and about the tissues.

Some dainty French women prefer to use rosewater for this purpose and like absorbent cotton better than simple muslin cloths. It is a matter of taste and purse. Witch hazel mixed with an equal quantity of rosewater is a cleansing, cooling agent.

Often, when the eyes are sunken, it is merely because the rest of the face has been cared for and these surroundings of the eyes neglected. In a word, the tissues are starving. Hollows at the sides of the eyes may mean the same. Yellowness of the skin in the vicinity of the eyes indicates a similar condition. When you are patting cold cream or skin food into your cheeks and chin and brow at night, don't forget the needy neighbors of the eyes.

Brush your eyebrows as often as you do your hair. They are as busy dust collectors. And while you are brushing, train them in the arch in which you wish them

to grow. If you rub a safe hair grower into the eyebrows every night they cannot but strengthen and thicken, but be sure it is a safe one. Lanoline is in this class. So, too, is yellow vaseline.

This formula, if followed, will be a good friend of your eyebrows:
Yellow vaseline 10 grams
Boric acid 10 centigrams
The eyelashes are the sieve whose duty it is to keep the dust from the eyes. They do their work so well that often the rims become encrusted with it. Therefore the eyes must have frequent baths if only for the sake of these faithful guardians. Your toilet table is as incomplete without an eyebrow brush as it would be without a tooth brush. Keep an eye-cup there and keep it free from dust. To make assurance doubly sure, scald it before using. An invisible speck of dust may make a great deal of trouble. Whatever touches the eyes should be thoroughly sterilized.

Strong salt water—a quarter salt, three-quarters water—will strengthen the eyes, though it does smart them upon first application.

A solution of boric acid, in the ratio of a quarter of a teaspoonful of boric acid to a pint of hot water, is a soothing bath,